

Literary News and Criticism

Travel and Adventure in the Far West.

THREE WONDERLANDS OF THE AMERICAN WEST. By Thomas D. Murphy. With sixteen reproductions in color from original paintings by Thomas Moran, N. A., and thirty-two duotone gravures from photographs. Also maps of the Yellowstone, Yosemite and Grand Canyon regions. Svo., pp. 180. L. C. Page & Co.

RANCHING, SPORT AND TRAVEL. By Thomas Carson, F. R. G. S. With sixteen illustrations. Svo., pp. 216. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Murphy is a practical as well as an enthusiastic advocate of the "seeing America first" movement. We all know, he says in substance, of the unrivaled

the real estate of its growing cities. He, too, visited the American "wonderlands," and refers to them, but only briefly, for his readable narrative covers his travels in many parts of the world. Destined for an office-stool in "the City," he chose to seek his fortune afar instead, beginning as a tea planter in India. His adventures began, however, on the way thither, for in his very first chapter he tells us that "near Point de Galle we witnessed from the steamer a remarkable sight, a desperate fight between a sea serpent, which seemed about fifteen feet long, and a huge ray. . . . How it ended we did not see. Anyway, we had seen the sea serpent."



NEVADA FALLS, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

(From a Duogravure in "Three Wonderlands of the American West.")

wonders of the Yellowstone, the Yosemite and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, of the giant trees of California, the Garden of the Gods, the petrified forests of Arizona—we all know of them, but we do not, we can not, realize them, unless we see them. And we are all too likely to exaggerate the distances that separate us from them and the difficulties and discomforts of reaching them. Therefore, however good our intentions, however sincere our resolution to go to see and marvel ourselves some day, we keep on going to Europe instead of to "conventional resorts" nearer home. Mr. Murphy makes light of the much discussed drawbacks of our climate for holiday travelling—the excessive heats of summer, the numbing colds of winter—and the general unavailability, from the business point of view, of our autumns for sightseeing purposes. Where there is a will there is a way. And as for the transportation facilities, he found them more than adequate, as undoubtedly they are, while hotels and cuisine, especially in the Yellowstone, left nothing to be desired. A stimulating book, this, likely to fulfill its purpose, at least in some measure.

Modestly disclaiming the gift of eloquence, Mr. Murphy yet describes well in a straightforward, convincing manner. Where his pen falls him, in his own opinion, he draws upon John Muir, whose writings, he says, first awakened his desire to go to see for himself, but, he adds, it was Thomas Moran's well known paintings, with their amazing effects of color and atmosphere, that really decided him. A useful and at the same time romantic feature of his book are his brief accounts of the advent of the first white men to these magic, majestic gardens within our domain. The Grand Canyon was first discovered by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado in 1540, but the wonder stories told by him and his band were disbelieved and allowed to fade into a vague tradition. A Spanish priest wandered thither again in 1776, but it was not until nearly a century later that the first official expedition was sent to the canyon under command of Lieutenant Ives, in 1857. The exploration of the Colorado by Major John Wesley Powell in rowboats followed twelve years later. The earliest mention of the Yellowstone is found in the narratives of John Colter, who was a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1806. The Indians, no doubt, knew it, and perhaps even visited it, but there is ample evidence that they looked upon it and its natural wonders with superstitious fear and avoided it. Colter's story of his escape from Indians and of his wanderings, stark naked, among steaming pools, boiling geysers and seething cauldrons was received with as much incredulity as were Coronado's tales. "Colter's Hell" was the derisive name which his doubting contemporaries gave to the region discovered by the trapper. A party of scouts in pursuit of hostile Indians were the first white men known to have entered the Yosemite Valley, in 1840, but it was not explored until the following year by an expedition under Dr. Russell. In fact, it was the continued depredations of the Yellowstone Indians that led to repeated explorations of their territory. The discovery of the Mariposa Grove in 1857 by Mr. Galen Clark is sufficiently well known, as is the far more recent date of the finding of the petrified forests of Arizona.

Mr. Murphy's enthusiasm does not stop here, however, but embraces Pike's Peak, Mount Rainier and the Mountain of the Cross as well. He wanders among the missions of California, and ventures into Mexico and the Canadian Northwest. His is not a guide-book, although he lays out routes on the spot in most of the places visited, but it is an excellent preparation for any or all of these trips, a helpful companion on the way, and an informing book to read at home. The reproductions in full colors of Moran's paintings add greatly to its value.

Mr. Thomas Carson was a rolling stone from England who stayed long enough in the West to live its ranch life in the good old days, and to gather considerable moss as a speculator in

pent, though not the fabulous monster so often written about."

The author's tea garden was situated in the valley of Cochar, among the hill tribes. He mentions particularly the Kassias and their manner of carrying loads on their backs in "thoppas," or baskets, suspended by a strap across the forehead, because

Once, in later years, whilst in Mexico, near Orizaba, I was intensely surprised to meet in the forest a string of Indians going to market and using this identical "thoppa," the similar cut of the hair across the forehead, the blanket and dress, the physical features, even the peculiar grunting emitted when carrying a weight, settled for me the long-disputed question of the origin of the Aztecs. In Venezuela I saw exactly the same type in Castro's Indian



WATERING A HERD.

(From an illustration in "Ranching, Sport and Travel.")

troops, as also in the Indian natives of Peru.

His health breaking down, Mr. Carson gave up tea planting and came to New Mexico to investigate sheep raising, but decided for cattle instead. This was the period of the "wide open" frontier town; he even owned at one time a "saloon and gambling hell, which paid me a huge rental and gave me my drinks free! The world looked easy."

The author's descriptions of the reckless life in Las Vegas and Santa Fé, and of the routine of the ranch, are primarily written for English readers, which gives them a novel tang for Americans.

Cowboys, bad men, rustlers, gamblers, sheriffs, Indians, "greasers," bronco breaking, round-ups, branding, drives, stampedes—it is all here, vividly told, and with reminiscent delight in the life, this part of the book being also of interest to us as a revelation of how a foreigner may live among us, earn his livelihood and even a competence here, and yet to the end find himself a stranger in his own land.

In the springtime it is exceedingly interesting to note the protective habits of the mother cows. . . . You may find at midday, out on the prairie, some mile or two from water, a bunch of maybe, forty calves. Their mammae have gone to drink; but not all of them! No, never all of them at the same time! One cow is always left to guard the helpless calves, and carries out her trust faithfully until relieved. This was and is still a complete mystery to me. Does this individual cow select and appoint herself to the office, or is she balloted for, or how otherwise is the selection made?

We Americans have a curious way of misnaming our wild animals, for the "antelope pronghorn is not a true antelope, the buffalo is not a buffalo, the Rocky Mountain goat is not a goat and the elk is not an elk." But stay-at-home English people who believe that we are brusque and not even polite are sadly mistaken. On the contrary, we are the politest nation on earth, though too busy to give much time to formalities. And we are also the most sympathetic, and "strange as it may appear," the most sentimental people in the world. Mr. Carson was powerfully impressed by the grandeur of the Grand

Canyon of the Colorado, the Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite Valley. But our sequoias are "not so big as the gums of Australia, our geysers are inferior to those of New Zealand and Niagara are surpassed by the Zambesi Falls, the waterfall in Paraguay and 'infinitely so' by the recently discovered falls in British Guiana."

The closing chapters of this cheerful, eminently readable volume are devoted to brief accounts of its author's later visits to Central and South America, the West Indies, the north coast of Africa, China and Japan, and Australia and New Zealand.

MARIE LOUISE

An Elaborate Biography of an Insignificant Woman.

AN IMPERIAL VICTIM. Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, Empress of the French, Duchess of Parma. By Mrs. Edith E. Cuttill. With 24 illustrations, including two photographic frontispieces. Two vols., Svo., pp. 400, 392. Brentano's.

The word "victim," when employed in the historic sense, suggests a tragic connotation. Therefore, so far as the evidence goes, it cannot be applied to Marie Louise of Hapsburg, who passed evidently unscathed through the great tragedy to which a political marriage had linked her, and apparently unaffected even by the change in her fortunes, by the dethronement and exile of her husband, and by her separation from their son. Lymphatic, acquiescent, shallow, incapable of deep feeling or strong, lasting attachments, she was ever ready to follow the line of least resistance, finding in that course, the only one possible to a woman of her passive temperament and ill-developed intellect, not tragedy, but, it would appear, a goodly measure of rather facile and superficial happiness. She had the qualities of her shortcomings. She was ever amiable, she readily entered into friendly relations with whatever environment she happened to be in, she was, in short, a sort of female Mark Tapley, "coming out strongest" in adversity.

Mrs. Cuttill has done her work well—no difficult task in any way, a hard one in others. She is impartial on the whole; she does not insist unduly upon the reader's sympathy for her subject. Marie Louise was a negative character, and as such she is presented in these pages, whose greater part is, of necessity, occupied with the mighty events of the close of the Napoleonic era, and with the days of Metternich's despotism, which was felt far more in Italy than elsewhere in Continental Europe; more even, perhaps, than in Austria itself. The changed angle of vision, with Marie Louise as the centre, makes this narrative of events worth while, provided, always, that the reader does not lose sight of the true historic proportions, a danger that is no slight one in these days of the expansion of historical figures that at best deserve a paragraph or two to the dimensions of one and even, as in this case, of two full-fledged volumes.

Where there is no real "victim" it is hard to find a villain. The author, however, assigns that place, in the first instance, to the ex-Empress's father, and secondarily to Metternich, whose historic back has grown broader with his reputation. It may well be doubted if

tainly endeavored to temper with mercy the Austrian idea of political justice to revolutionaries. These Italian chapters are, indeed, the best in the book, since they deal with that part of Marie Louise's career which has been almost entirely neglected by the general historian. Taken as a whole, the work is a good specimen of the historical biography that is just now having its protracted period of popularity.

FICTION

New Novels and Collections of Short Stories.

AN INTRICATE PLOT.

THE LUCK OF RATHCOOLE. Being the Romantic Adventures of Mistress Faith Wolcott (Sometimes known as "Miss Moppet") during her Sojourn in New York at an Early Period of the Republic. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. Dmo., pp. 252. The Houghton Mifflin Company.

The luck of Rathcoole is a prophesy, so dim and confusing that it requires careful explanation in the course of this narrative. It embodies a warning, in rhyme, to an Irish house against the marriage of cousins; still more, against the "twining of shamrock and thistle." Yet all this has come to pass, for the Irish are apt to follow the promptings of their hearts. Nor have the threatened consequences been lacking. There remain, then, the cryptic closing lines:

Luck will be lost, and found no more,
Till Green seeks Blue on foreign shores.

Hence this story of New York, which begins on the day of Washington's first inauguration. The plot involves a young Virginian, who had to leave the country suddenly in the days of the British occupation; "Miss Moppet," a girl full of the high spirits of youth; an Irish actress, the necessary villain, and minor characters too numerous to mention bearing names familiar in the New York of that time, and most of them still remembered now. It is an ingenious romance, marred by the artificiality of its telling, its straining after sprightliness in dialogue and after emphasis in the creation of an aristocratic atmosphere. Still, these are only minor blemishes, which, indeed, may be considered virtues by the audience for which the story is manifestly intended—an audience, one would judge, chiefly of older girls.

INDIAN TALES.

THE GARDEN OF INDRA. By Michael White. Pictures by Wladislaw T. Bonda. Dmo., pp. 274. Duffield & Co.

Mr. White's stories of India are familiar to the readers of the Sunday Magazine of The Tribune, in whose pages they first appeared. They are primarily tales of plot and situation, local color being introduced never for its own sake, but only in so far as it conduces to the effect by unfamiliar surroundings, the contrasts between East and West, by mystery and piquancy. The author wisely relies on the measure of general knowledge of India possessed by the average reader of the fiction of to-day, after a long course of novels and stories of the life and the customs of natives and Anglo-Indians. The introduction of the wandering, irreverent, practical American into this atmosphere is not altogether original with Mr. White, but he improves his opportunity in a decidedly original manner. There is, for instance, the young electrician who lays the ghost of the phantom tiger with a

of state, and there is an extraordinary but plausible account of the use of fingerprints in order to establish an alibi. If any fault can be found with these inventions, it is the infallibility

circles of "the" Faubourg. Here they soon find that the "Camelots du Roy," the "Mégottiers du Prince," the "Volonté Franque" and the fashionable young ladies, "Comité Carlingvilliste" are mere



NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE.

(From an illustration in "An Imperial Victim.")

with which their hero invariably picks up the right clew, the element of suspense and perplexity being thus reduced to a minimum. It is, therefore, the author's ingenuity, rather than that of his detective, which claims the reader's attention and admiration. But even so the book is entertaining reading. Young Beck should find favor in the eyes of his father's and mother's many friends.

A SEQUEL.

MORE LETTERS TO MY SON. By Winifred James. Dmo., pp. 134. Moffat, Yard & Co.

The danger of the writing of sequels is proverbial, the tale of the successful ones very brief. The "Letters to My Son" were heartily received on their publication, a year or so ago, and they deserved the reception, for they sounded genuine, their appeal to sentiment was real. They seemed to have been written from the heart, spontaneously. Nowhere did they bear the trace of laborious composition. This sequel reads easily enough, but it fails to capture the reader's sympathy—it is not important enough. To be sure, the subject is susceptible of almost indefinite expansion, but not all that can be said on it is of necessity of interest to others. The expectant mother writes to her son that is to be of the making of his little nest—and an elaborate, luxurious nursery it is. That is the reader's chief impression, far more than of the love and care that go to its preparation. She writes to him of his ancestors, still more of his ancestors, and fine and brave people they undoubtedly were. Then there are day dreams of the infant growing to boyhood and the boy to manhood, of his play, his confidences, his early successes, of his first steps into the world and the dawning of love, the love that will give to his mother thereafter a second place, the love which she detects in his eyes, his voice, long before he confesses it to her. It is easy reading; it is, in fact, well done, but one cannot escape the impression that the planning, if not the writing, of this second volume has been far more deliberate and far harder than that of the first.

A WINTER SUNSET.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

All the valley vaguely lies
Mist and shadow, misty blue;
Flames the splendor of the skies,
Climbing to a wider view.
Like some mighty rose's heart,
Orange, scarlet, crimson, flame,
All the vivid colors start,
Every westward cloud the same.
Wave on wave of glowing fire,
Tipped with molten gold each crest,
Mounting skyward ever higher
In the palpitating west.
At their ut, last colors fall,
Flag, grow ashen from red gold,
Slowly splendor sinks and pale,
All the fiery heart lies cold;
While the shadows ghostly creep,
Shroud the world with vapors gray,
Color thence fading sleep,
Only in the mind to stay.

FRENCH ROYALISTS

"Gyp's" Satire on Their Secret Organizations.

Paris, February 9.
"La Bonne Fortune de Toto," just published by Calmann-Lévy, is a terrific satire on certain sets of smart young Parisians of the fashionable "bourgeoisie" and of the reactionary Faubourg Saint-Germain. It presents exceedingly picturesque inside views of the political life of the royalist adversaries of the republic, and throws new light upon the boulevard agitation maintained by their secret political societies, such as the "Camelots du Roy" and "Les Mégottiers du Prince," in the Quixotic hope of restoring the Duke of Orleans to the throne of France as Philippe VII. With a delicious sense of humor this little novel of three hundred pages, written in its author's familiar dialogue form, like a play, is dedicated to the Tarascon, that mythical monster, half dragon and half bull, which is supposed to roam by night in the lower valley of the Rhone.

It is perhaps needless to say that the inimitable "Gyp" is the Comtesse de Martel de Juvilly, née Marie Antoinette de Riquetti de Mirabeau, and grandniece of her namesake, the most famous orator of the Revolution. She still believes in the gray overcoat of Napoleon and retains a fondness for the black charger of Boulanger. She hates affectation, snobishness, hypocrisy and insincerity, and therefore pricks with her sharp pen the toy balloons floated in Paris by the smart youths and dainty dames of the royalist reaction, and denounces the ridiculous riots in which they indulge now and then in the Latin Quarter just to keep the Bourbon pot gently simmering.

"You must at once choose your career!" are the words addressed by a fat, wealthy, commonplace, unintelligent bourgeois to his ne'er-do-weel son of eighteen. After much hesitation the reply comes: "I want to be a Mégottier du Prince!" This young hero of the novel, Toto, and his bright little sister, Titine, persuade their parents to allow them to join the secret royalist societies that abound in Paris, and are thus brought in touch with the reactionary

THE VANITY OF GLORY.

From The London Globe.

We have on high authority that all is vanity. Byron has supported the sacred writer by his poem on his visit to Churchill's grave; and now we have a writer in a Paris contemporary visiting the abode of Alfred de Musset, situated in the Boulevard St. Germain, and recording his impressions. The concierge of the neighboring house was asked if she knew the poet. After reflection she said: "I have not the name on my list. Another person, the occupier of the house, informed the correspondent that he must have made a mistake in the



STATUE OF MARIE LOUISE BY CANOVA.

(From an illustration in "An Imperial Victim.")

name. At last he found No. 53. Outside was a plaque recording that Musset was born there on December 11, 1810, and that he was the author of the "Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle." The concierge knew the name, but she could not say whether he was dancer, a doctor, an author or a member of Parliament. She imparted the information that the house was not to disappear; it was only to be restored. At what stage did the Musset family live, inquired the pilgrim. "I ask me too much," was the reply. "I was not here when the 'monsieur de la plaque' was the tenant. 'Sic transit gloria mundi.'"

winter resort of our successful men and women of letters. Writing of an automobile journey in Northern Africa in the March issue of "Scribner," Mr. Henry Norman, M. P., says that "the comparatively small part of the Garden of Allah which exists outside of Mr. Hichens' luxuriant imagination" is within half an hour of the hotel. It was originally an old garden of the Elks oasis, and was walled around and elaborated at great cost by its eccentric owner, Count London.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Centenary Edition of Browning's works is announced by Smith Elder, of London. It will consist of ten volumes, with a preface, bibliographical and explanatory, to each leading poem by Dr. Frederick G. Kenyon, C. B., principal librarian of the British Museum. The poems will be arranged in their chronological order, and each volume will have as a frontispiece a portrait of Browning reproduced in photogravure, several of the portraits appearing for the first time. It is expected that volumes I and II will be ready on May 7, the subsequent volumes following at short intervals. The edition will be limited to 750 sets, of which 250 are destined for this country. The centenary of Browning's birth falls on May 7 of this year.

Letters of General Sherman.

"General W. T. Sherman as College President: a Collection of Letters, Documents and Other Material, Chiefly from Private Sources, Relating to the Life and Activities of General William Tecumseh Sherman, to the Early Years of the Louisiana State University and to the Stirring Conditions Existing in the South on the Eve of the Civil War; 1859-1861," is announced for early publication by the Arthur H. Clark Company, of Cleveland. These documents, collected and edited by Walter L. Fleming, Ph. D., professor of history at the Louisiana State University, describe the beginning of that institution of learning, the problems that Sherman, as its head, had to face, the social, economic and political conditions existing in the South immediately preceding the Civil War, the effect on the South of Lincoln's election, the coming of secession, and, as a result, Sherman's resignation from the university. In his business letters to the members of the school board, as well as in his private letters to his friends, Sherman discussed freely his own views on the political conditions of the North and the South, the danger of war and its impending results.

Arctic Hunting.

In his recently published book on "Hunters and Hunting in the Arctic" the Duke of Orleans says:

Polar hunting is in reality only shooting practice; it lacks the emotions of a tramp through the forest and the surprises of a forest hunt. An expedition to the frozen seas with the sole object of hunting will very soon degenerate into nothing more than a useless massacre.

The Heroic Age.

A new volume is to be added by the Cambridge University Press to the Cambridge Archaeological and Ethnological Series in "The Heroic Age," by H. Munro Chadwick, fellow of Clare College, Cambridge. The work represents an attempt at a comparative study of the early heroic poetry and traditions of the Teutonic peoples and of Greek heroic poetry and traditions, with the object of determining the nature of the resemblances between them and of the causes to which these are due.

George Brandes.

The seventieth birthday of the great Danish critic, George Brandes, was celebrated on February 4 last by the Scandinavian world with special numbers of its magazines and weeklies devoted to his life and work. The National Library at Copenhagen has decided to found a Brandes Archiv, which is to contain all his MSS., the various editions and translations of his works, his literary correspondence, etc.

A Life of Bulwer Lytton.

Lord Lytton is writing a biography of his grandfather, Edward Bulwer Lytton, though it is not probable that the book will be published for some time. Two volumes of "The Life, Letters and Literary Remains of Lord Lytton," by his son, the first Earl Lytton, were issued in 1883, but they come down only to 1832. The coming work will contain documents of interest dealing with the last forty years of Bulwer Lytton's life.

The Garden of Allah.

A. E. W. Mason, the English novelist, has started for Egypt, Africa having evidently succeeded Italy as the favorite